

Good 780 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Playing Overtime with Coarse Fish

COARSE fishing is experiencing its biggest boom for many years, despite the great shortage of fishing tackle. It has been estimated that the number interested in this type of fishing has increased four-fold since 1939.

The "holidays-at-home" campaign carried on in many parts of the country has had a great deal to do with stimulating interest in fishing, and a feature of this new fishing enthusiasm is the large number of men of the Fleet who find relaxation in the sport.

To-day there are estimated to be about 500,000 regular coarse fishermen. That is to say, men who follow the sport week after week.

The new fishermen find it difficult to get all the tackle they need, for not only is the best reserved for the export trade, but sellers of fishing gear find that it costs them treble the 1939 cost.

What fish provide a great deal of the coarse fishing sport? Roach, dace, chub, pike, trout and salmon are the most popular victims, and although fishing may sound a tame sport to the novice, there is really a great art in "hooking" your fish.

The fish, in many cases, become hardened to the tricks of the angler, and it is often very amusing to watch the fish "baiting" the man holding the rod.

FISH CRAFT.

Not so very long ago, when fishing Lake Windermere from a small boat, I could, by standing in the boat, see clearly to the bottom of the lake.

Several wise old perch would go up to the bait—and knock it with their heads. Every time a tiny piece of bait would come away, and the perch would quickly gobble it up.

But they were not to be caught that afternoon. I have seen a similar thing happen in the Kent Stour.

During the war many valuable fishing rivers and streams have become polluted, and one of the main tasks will now be to clean out these waterways.

Fortunately, many keen fishermen realise the dangers that may result, and clubs all over the country are "preserving" streams and rivers. They stock the waters, have special rules to ensure the maximum sport, and in general do a great deal to make the coarse fisherman's lot a little easier.

Many big syndicates are buying up the fishing rights on some of the thriving rivers and streams that have been restocked with valuable fish.

Recently £12,250 was paid for the right to fish along a popular 1½-mile stretch of the Hampshire Test!

A feature of the fishing boom has been the way several big hotels have rented valuable stretches of water and include fishing among their attractions—in return for a fat fee!

Fishing Boards, who have done so much to encourage the coarse fishermen, often issue about 300,000 licences a year, which bring in from £13,000 to £15,000.

TIDDLE TACKLE.

Small fortunes are being made by keen craftsmen who are adept at making fishing tackle "from nothing," or can repair rods, lines and other gear suffering from long wear.

Quite a number of men with whom I have talked have even developed new devices—again "from nothing"—and tried them successfully on roach, trout, and other favoured fresh-water fish.

The River Thames, especially around Kingston and Hampton Court, continues to attract many thousands of Londoners every week-end, while the River Lea gets a regular crowd from the east side of the Metropolis.

Hampshire, with its well-stocked streams, the River Stour at Grove Ferry, Kent, the streams of the West Riding—these, and a hundred more, to-day witness more anglers than ever before.

This is because a man gets rest, sport, and the chance to think, all in one, while holding a fishing-rod.

A. GRANT.

Lost to Black Bomber and made Ring History

MAYBE Tommy Farr's experience of the rules, regulations, laws, contracts and counter-contracts, and the whole idiotic rigmarole of the boxing fraternity is the experience of most first-class boxers. Maybe it wasn't. But he certainly had a stormy time after the fight with Neusel.

There was Max Schmeling, who flew to London to sign a fight contract with Tommy, and then flew back to Berlin with Herr Ribbentrop.

Then it came out that Schmeling was to get £15,000 and Farr £7,500. Straightaway Tommy telephoned his manager: "I'm not fighting if Schmeling gets twice as much as me. You'd better cable New York to say I'm accepting Mike Jacob's offer to fight Joe Louis."

THERE has been a dispute about whether Louis was champion. Schmeling had fought and beaten Louis. I won't go into it all. It was a tangle. Next came a law case in London to decide whether Farr could, or could not, fight Louis before he fought Schmeling. Farr won this bout.

Aw, why go into all the muddle and arguments about who was champion, or who was not champion according to the views of the British authorities as opposed to the American authorities? By the early part of July, 1937, Tommy Farr was on board the Berengaria on his way to New York to fight the Black Bomber, the battle slated for August 26th.

On the 20th of July Tommy walked down the gangway and the ballyhoo started. And it was ballyhoo. The rumours, reports, "authoritative" statements about the Welsh boxer poured out in an ever-growing flood.

His training camp was at Longbranch, New Jersey. The report was that Tommy was in danger of being taken for a ride by gangsters. Another that he was developing as a social high spot. Another that he was to marry a Broadway flame.

U.S.A. newspapermen said he couldn't win. They also said he could win. He was badgered and teased with questions. It was given out that half the dukes and nobility of Britain were to be at the ring-side. The Four Hundred of New York were going to score off the nobility by dress show and diamonds. Some Americans expected the dukes to wear their coronets. Blather and bunkum tossed people all ways.

Then more rumours. Farr's eye was cut in training and he couldn't fight. Bill Brown (it should have been Bull Brown), member of the New York State Athletic Commission, warned Tommy against butting with his head. "If he does," said Bill (Bull) Brown, "I'll see the Commissioners hold up the purse."

Tommy's manager did all he could, and so did Tommy, to counteract all this nonsense. In short, with only one or two honourable exceptions the Americans seemed to be out to break Tommy's morale; they even went the length of personal gibes and wise-cracks, sneers and jeers.

It didn't break his morale. He got annoyed at times, but that was natural. When Louis met him in the offices of the Commission to receive their licences for the fight, the Black Bomber stirred himself out of his native languor, to say, as he shook hands: "I'm willing to wish you a fifty-fifty chance, but you haven't one with me."

And Tommy flashed back, "I

LARRY MARKS tells of the greatest battle in the career of

Tommy Farr.

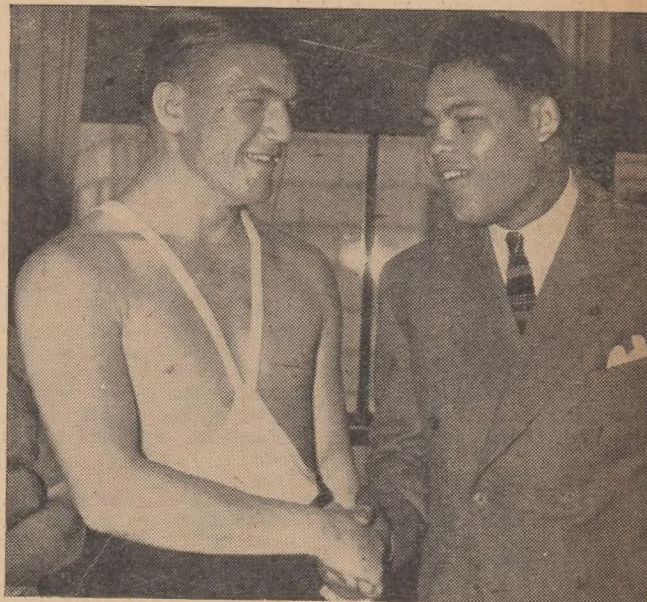
wish you the same, and I know I can beat you."

There never was a championship fight that got more publicity. It was a world event in every sense. Down in Tony-pandy, near Tommy's home, radio was set up so that his relatives and friends could hear the rounds being ticked off. Tommy sent a message to his followers—"I shan't let you down."

The fight was put off for a few days "because of rain." It was suspected that money as well as rain was the cause. By this time both Britain and America were simmering like a boiling kettle.

On August 30th the fight was on, in the Yankee Stadium.

It was a crowd of 50,000 who watched what was to be the most spectacular fight ever staged. I do not intend to go



Louis: "Wish you a fifty-fifty chance, but you haven't one with me."

Farr: "Wish you the same, and I know I can beat you."

over that battle round by round. It was 10.15 p.m. when the bell rang for the first action, and from the start the crowd saw a new Farr. To begin with, Louis was more cautious than expected. Farr was the aggressor most of the time, but he got several punches in the face that did no more than slightly inconvenience him.

By round three Farr was faster on his feet. He did not crouch to any extent, and caught Louis squarely with a left and a right. That made the Black Bomber miss his returns.

In round five Louis gave him a clip on the chin that would have thrown many a champion on his back. The spectators expected Farr to go down. He didn't go down. Instead he pushed his way into Louis and hit back with amazing power.

By round eight Louis was getting bothered by Farr's style. The crowd was yelling now, for both men were bleeding, Farr the most, but not yet was Louis getting the opening for the punch he wanted to finish the fight.

He got five successive lefts and rights, thump, thumping on him, which caused him some surprise. He seemed to be wondering why Farr did not lie down.

Well, nothing was farther from Tommy's idea of a fight, and from that round he changed his tactics. He no longer retreated before the onslaught of Louis. He made the pace, opening up with straight lefts that landed where he wanted. More than that, he charged right in and caught the black on the body and cheek with two lovely hits, and Louis retreated before the blows.

The great trouble with Tommy at this stage was that he was bleeding heavily, yet even with his sight impaired his fighting ability was still on top. Louis had his own marks to show. A bruise beneath his right eye loomed up. That bruise had come from a straight left, and it changed Louis from attacking into a policy of retreat. He jumped away when Farr came at him.

When Louis was back in his corner bags of ice were held to his eye, and by round twelve he was getting nervous. The fact was that Tommy Farr was a surprise for not only Louis, but for the crowd too. They rose to their feet and yelled to him to go in and win.

And where was the Black Bomber's fatal punch all this time, the punch with which he had slugged his way to the championship? It just wasn't working. It never came to Tommy Farr.

The Welshman had had his face smashed, but never did that interfere or impede his attack or his defence. He had Louis guessing.

Three more rounds and then, after the greatest fight ever put up for the world championship, the referee proclaimed Joe Louis winner and still champion.

Something had happened that the Americans had never seen before. They had seen a British heavy-weight who could stand up to the Black Bomber for fifteen rounds and still hit faster than his opponent.

It is but barely true to say that Tommy Farr covered himself with glory in that battle. The verdict went to Louis on a narrow margin, and there are still people to-day who think that the verdict should have gone to Farr. By that contest his name is sure of a place of high honour in the history of boxing.

I can give you a final picture of him after the ballyhoo had died down and the Welshman was on his way back home with two scarred eyes, a wardrobe of American clothes and many souvenirs—and £9,000 remaining after all expenses were paid.

He was lying in bed in his cabin in the Queen Mary as she left Cherbourg for Britain, on the home run. He was sipping a cup of tea.

"Y'know," said Tommy musingly, "When I worked in the mines it was my ambition to have tea served in bed—and here I am getting it and in a luxury liner!"

And then at Southampton there came storming up the gangway his two sisters, Sally and Phyllis, and away they drove in his new £700 car to Slough—home!

(Next: As he is to-day.)

Date for Tel. F. Woods

YOU'VE got a date, Tel. Fred Woods—a date with an allotment next Spring.

Everyone at 132, Whitley-road, Eastbourne, and most of all, your wife, is hoping you will be keeping it.

Meanwhile Pop is looking after it for you and he assures you that all the produce is doing very well.

Your wife is looking forward to the time when you will both be able to pay a visit to the Gildredge Hotel, and also she anticipates a trip to Town to do some of the current shows. She still has pleasant memories of the last show you saw together: remember, Lupino Lane in the "Lambeth Walk"?

Mrs. Woods suggests that before you come home you should make up your mind about what you are going to do when the twelve years are up, but she says that whatever your decision, she is still determined that you should have a place of your own some day.



Our address still is:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Wangling Words

No. 718

1. Behead a stumble and get part of your face.
2. Insert the same letter 6 times, and make sense of: heurpriedubywimmingeaily.
3. What two measuring devices can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: If there is one snake I — it is the —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 717

1. S-CREW.
2. Swim, Sam, Swim!
3. HIMALAYA mountains.
4. Snored, drones.

JANE

SHARK KILLER'S DREAM COMES TRUE

(Continued from Page 2)

It was a revolver shot which caused them both to start suddenly. They rushed to the door; then Maisie Herron felt herself gently thrust aside, while the youngster raced down to the beach, but she followed.

Out beyond the surf she saw the head and shoulders of Scripp. He was hanging on to the side of George Perry's boat, which was being carried swiftly out on the waves.

His head bobbed up and down amid the spray as he strove to climb up, but every time he raised himself he was thrown back by the rollers.

George Perry stood at the edge of the surf, a broken fishing-rod in his hands. Maisie reached the old man as he was explaining the situation.

"That fellow Scripp is bad, Tom. He tried to shoot me just now because I was heading him off from a mad try to steal my boat. The bullet broke my rod. He ran the boat out there through the surf. He says he's got my pearls—"

"He will escape!" cried Maisie. The old man shook his head slowly.

"He won't go far, Maisie. I called to him to look out for the undertow. The surf got him, and now he won't be able to climb in. Look!"

They looked, and saw the truth of George Perry's words. The undertow had Scripp in its power, sweeping him and boat along at an ever increasing rate against which no man could hope to fight. The boat to which he clung desperately rolled from side to side, its planks hitting him with every swing.

Old George threw out an arm and pointed. A shark's fin was cutting the water across the gulf, speeding in the direction of the boat and the struggling man.

"If he had taken my advice, he'd been saved from that. Even I can't save him. He split my fishing rod."

Wave after wave washed over the craft, filling it and dragging him down.

It rolled dangerously, shuddered, then righted, its broken mast shaking like a stick jerked to and fro; then the boat was carried forward with increasing speed, water-logged but still afloat.

There were no hands grasping its sides now.

Old George Perry turned to the girl and young man, who stood transfixed at the tragedy.

"Tom, that was a bad pal you had. He musta been drunk again. If only he'd asked, he could have had the pearls and a handful of dollars, too, when he went back you to his ship. Guess I'll have to use your boat, Maisie, to bring and mine—Tom Bevey?"

mine back before she gets beyond the headland. I won't be long."

The young man stepped forward, but Maisie put a hand on his arm, restraining him. Old George was aiding the boatmen to launch her craft when the girl turned to the young man beside her.

Something which was not spray glittered in her eyes.

"This is what brought me over," she said, taking a long envelope from her bosom and handing it to him. "Father is away, and this came from Mas-a-Fuera."

He looked at the official paper. It was a curt announcement that Tom Bevey had died in prison.

"Well?" he asked dully.

She took the paper from him and tore it into fragments.

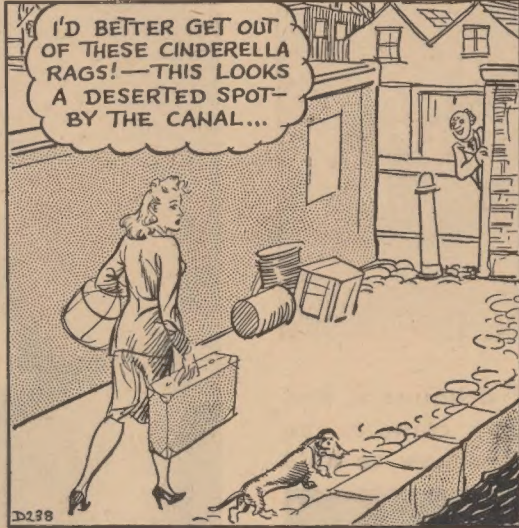
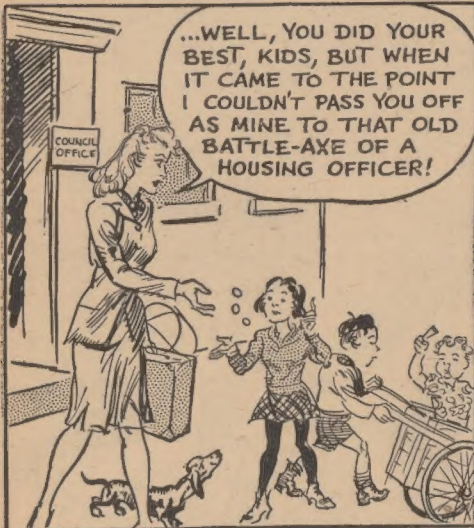
"Nobody knows except us," she said softly. "Scripp is gone. It would kill old George to be told. Won't you stay if I ask you to? You will make good, won't you, for old George's sake—"

He gazed into her blue eyes, and a shiver passed through him. "Yes," he replied firmly, "Tom Bevey will make good."

THE END



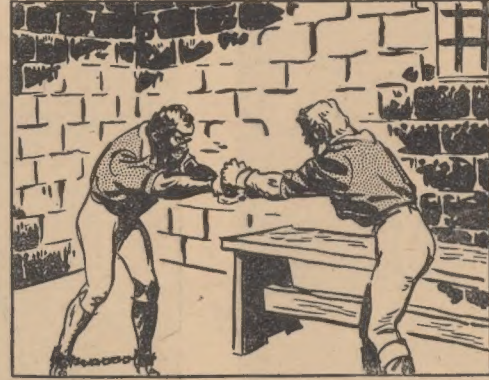
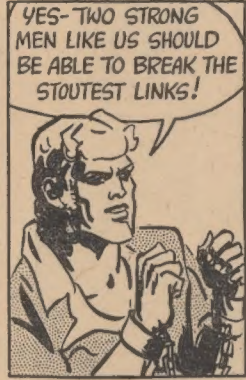
"Sinclair, I simply haven't a THING to wear!"



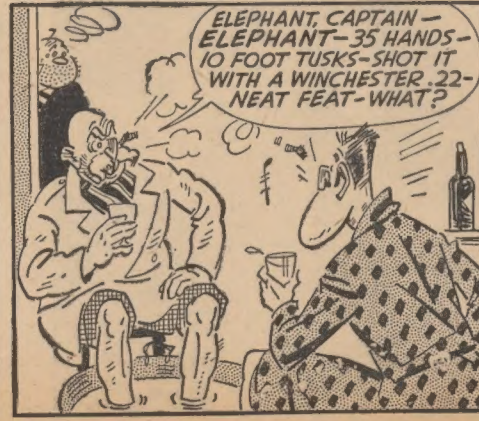
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People are Queer

JIMMY LADD, of Canon Road, Hornsey, London, wanted to see the King. It is a difficult thing to do for grown-ups, and as Jimmy is only six, the difficulties seemed insurmountable.

But he's a lad with determination, and after talking the matter over with his pals, he persuaded them to pool funds and set off.

They managed to rake up threepence between them, and Jimmy acted as treasurer.

By the time they got to the West End, the other two kids began to think they had travelled far enough, and when they got separated from Jimmy, they hit out for home—but Jimmy went on. Somehow he arrived at Paddington where, by a stroke of luck he managed to board a train which took him to Windsor.

The ticket collectors must have overworked that day, for, with his funds still intact, Jimmy made his way towards the Castle. But here he made a slip.

He took an impressive-looking officer for His Majesty, and instead of arriving in the royal presence found himself being cared for by a kindly police-sergeant, who got in touch with his mother.

When he arrived home he still had a penny in his pocket—the other tuppence had gone in expenses: an ice-cream cornet.

"Anyway, I saw where the King lives," said Jimmy.

D. N. K. B

CROSS-WORD CORNER

APPLE ROOMS
SIR VIA DAW
CEASE BLARE
O WINDBAG E
TONE RESENT
W SLOTH I
PLATEN KEPT
U CATERAN R
FROST ARECA
FUR ELF MUD
SENIOR THYME

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41					42			

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Prepare. 4 Side of doorway. 8 Fashion. 9 Random. 11 Hearer. 13 Snowshoe. 14 Pronoun. 15 Drink. 16 Good French. 17 Brief boy. 19 Souvenir. 21 Tear. 23 Early man. 26 Theatre room. 28 Rule. 30 In bed. 32 Behave. 34 Artist. 35 Animal enclosure. 36 Part of Gold Coast. 38 Gear. 40 Byron. 41 Allot. 42 Out.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Pigeon. 2 Tot. 3 Hide. 4 Grate. 5 Like. 6 Sweet sounding. 7 Cook. 8 Chief. 9 Keep level. 10 Join. 12 Late. 16 Offer. 18 Protection. 20 Tree. 22 Incline. 24 Sort of weasel. 25 Intent. 27 Slacken. 29 Stay. 31 Bright look. 33 Flat string. 36 Drink. 37 This time. 39 Knight.

Good Morning



PICK IT UP, THERE!

What's this? On parade with the Waaf drummers, and she's dropped her drumstick! Really, Peggy, come to the disorderly-room after the beating, and learn how to hold it in your hand. It can't beat when it's down — now, can it?



GIRL FOR A WHIRL.

Dark horse and fair lady, and the fair one, slip-streamed, sparkling Evelyn Keyes is just the girl for a merry-go-round. If she did a Godiva, the turnstiles would click for tickets to Coventry!



BODY-LOCK.

Is it "Hail" or "Farewell," we wonder? This intimate study from nature makes us feel hungry. Get the point? One of the carrots seems to have missed it!



KENTISH CHARM.

Scudding clouds pass the sunlit oast-house while a bevy of apple-packers sing at their work in the garden of England.



DARK BEAUTY.

Just a string of beads and a bracelet — the rest is natural, and who does the strangest tricks with hair? Our sultry friends go in for spiky curls, but over on the right, her back to the Camaroon belles —



HAIR-MINDED!

— Is this! All, believe it or nuts, made from the civilised lady's tresses. It took time and lots of trouble, and if it weren't a tribute to the boys in sky blue, we're not sure that the brown-eyes have it. What do you say?